Songs etc of
My Grandmother

STORAGE 201

Acta Senatus
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Brought out 16 Dec 1793

SONGS, &c.

OF

MY GRANDMOTHER.

(PRICE SIXPENCE.)

SONGS,

TRIO, AND FINALE,

OF

MY GRANDMOTHER,

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

Mr. STORACE.

1794.

CHARACTERS.

Sir Matthew Medley Mr. Waldron.

Vapour.....Mr. Bannister, Jun.

Woodly.....Mr. Sedgwick.

Gossip.....Mr. Suett.

Souffrance.....Mr. Wewitzer.

Tom.....Mr. Bland.

Servant..... Mr. Lyons.

Florella..... Signora Storace.

Charlotte..... Mrs. Bland.

SCENE—The Country.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

ACT. I.

OVERTURE.

SCENE.—A Garden.

AIR. FLORELLA.—*Paeſiello.*

ARE ye fair, like op'ning roſes?
Tender maidens, ah, beware!
When its bloom the heart diſcloſes,
Love will find a dwelling there.

Prudence then in vain oppoſes;
Youth is never wiſe as fair.

AIR. Woodly.

Cruel fair! who ſecret anguiſh
Can with wanton pride impart,
Can behold a lover languiſh,
Sporting with his faithful heart!

Her, let ev'ry beauteous maiden,
Her, let ev'ry conſtant ſwain,
With her Woodly's fate upbraiding,
Baniſh from the ſmiling plain.

AIR. FLORELLA.

On the lightly ſportive wing
At pleaſure's call we fly ;
Hark! they dance, they play, they ſing,
In merry, merry revelry.
Hark! the tabor's lively beat,
Hark! the flutes, in numbers ſweet,
Fill the night
With delight
At the Maſquerade.

Beneath this maſk what tender woes
We ſoftly hear reveal'd,
Secure, that, while the boſom glows,
Our bluſhes lie conceal'd!

Let grave ones warn us as they may,
Of ev'ry harmleſs joy afraid,
While we're young and we're gay,
Let us frolick and play
At the Maſquerade.

Hither trips along a beau ſo ſmart,—dear heart!
Pretty laſs, this way—ſoft, ſoft, ſtay here ;—my dear!
'Tis a favour, Sir, I muſt deny.—Oh fie!
Can I truſt myſelf alone with you?—adieu!
Then amid the croud we mix again,
And join the motley train ;

Let grave ones, &c.

SCENE.—A Saloon with Pictures.

AIR. VAPOUR.

Ah, me! I am loſt and forlorn!
No hope can my anguiſh aſſuage;
For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age!
Ah, Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

Why, Time, ſhould'ſt thou be ſo uncouth?
Why wither her beauties divine?
Why rob her of every tooth,
Before I had cut one of mine?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

At night to her tomb I'll repair,
Bewailing, ſhe ne'er was my bride;
Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,
If any was left when ſhe died.
Ah, Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

ACT. II.

SCENE.—A Garden.

AIR. CHARLOTTE.

Full twenty times you've heard my mind,
You're not the man I hope to find,
Or can for life approve;
In ſpite of all that you can ſay,
I'm ſtill inclin'd to anſwer nay,
And never think of love.

Give o'er your teazing, 'tis in vain;
From me your ſuit will nothing gain,
My will you'll never move;
When I reſign my hand and heart,
I'll have a lad, gay, briſk, and ſmart,
Or never think of love.

TRIO.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, AND WOODLY.

Flor. & *Woodly.* Ah! believe theſe plaintive ſighs,
Unceaſing ſtill, when you appear!
Charlotte. Ah! forbear theſe plaintive ſighs,
Unceaſing ſtill, when I appear!

Flor. & *Woodly.* Tell not me, you can deſpiſe
A conſtant heart and vows ſincere;
Charlotte. Tell not me, that I deſpiſe
A conſtant heart and vows ſincere;

Faith, in native colours ſhewn,
Wins at length our yielding heart;
Pleas'd, an equal flame we own,
Pleas'd an equal joy impart.

SCENE.—A Hall.

AIR. Gossip.

When I was a younker, I firſt was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, ſo dapper and airy;
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentiſt,
Then taylor, good Lord! then an apothecary.
But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat
As they can;
For ſhaving, and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and ſawing,
Dicky Goſſip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentiſt, but aukwardly tether,
In both the vocations I ſtill have my ſavings;
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in *ſhavings*.
So for this trade or that,
They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings ſo various;
I fancy they happen to ſome who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whoſe health was precarious,
A terrible doſe of my beſt *ſhaving powder*.
But no matter for that,
My trades come as pat, &c.

SCENE.—Saloon.

AIR. FLORELLA.

Say, how can words a paſſion feign,
  Where love ne'er taught to languiſh ?
Or, when we own the tyrant's reign,
  What art can veil our anguiſh ?
The God of Love alike diſdains
To lend *his* form, or wear *our* chains.

FINALE.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, VAPOUR, WOODLY, AND CHORUS.

FLORELLA.

Tho' now betroth'd in early life,
  I died in days of yore,
And happy you will take to wife
  A Grandam of fourſcore.

WOODLY.

When bleſt with Charlotte's hand and love,
  We'll kiſs, till we grow old,
May ſhe in time a Grandam prove,
  But never prove a ſcold.

CHORUS.

Since wedlock muſt at laſt enſue,
  Let's wed, and ſay no more;
Our mothers, and our Grandams too,
  They all did ſo before.

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VAPOUR.

Soon on my knee a boy may ſit,
And call me dear Papa—
In fifty years ſome little tit *(To Florella)*
May ſquall out Grand Mamma.

CHARLOTTE.

Tho' former times were not amiſs,
We're happier in our own;
The type of England's nuptial bliſs
Now ſits upon the throne.

CHORUS.

Since wedlock, &c.